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Part I.

MISCELLANY,

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BY R. H. CHITTENDEN.
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RE-ELECTION OF LINCOLN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

1876.

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THE RE-ELECTION OF LINCOLN.

Delivered at the Inaugural Festival of the German Union Republicans, at New York City, March 5, 1865.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

I count myself highly honored by your committee's invitation to be present on this memorable occasion, and I thank you cordially for your kind reception. For several years I have participated in your social and political festivities, and I desire to acknowledge that you have uniformly extended to me, an American "to the manor born," that fraternal sympathy which is inspired by our glorious cause, and unites in one common brotherhood the sons of Liberty of every tongue and clime.

The accident of birth gives me no claim to your consideration, but you who have voluntarily chosen my fatherland as the home of your adoption, are thereby entitled to mine. And nobly have you vindicated your title to American citizenship. Gloriously have you been naturalized, my German comrade, on many a hard-contested field! That honorable scar is your best credential! Many a hero who bled at the hands of European aristocrats has died at the hands of Southern slaveocrats! Your timely immigration gave needed strength to the anti-slavery cause! Your votes decided the Presidential contest of 1860. Under the lamented Lyon, Siegel, and Fremont, the path-finder, you wrested Missouri from the grasp of Treason.

More recently you have aided in the redemption of the empire state, from the shameful administration of Seymour. Therefore you may well celebrate this day! Four years ago we assembled to gird ourselves for battle—to-day we meet crowned with victory! Four years ago Southern traitors and their Northern abettors and sympathizers, declaring that Abraham Lincoln was not the President of the United States, but of a sectional majority—that he held, like Macbeth "a barren sceptre in his grasp, no kin of his succeeding,"—raised the standard of rebellion and fired upon Sumter.

We took up the gauntlet,—we accepted the issue,—declared that the President *de jure* should be the President *de facto*,—that the Union must and shall be preserved. We threw aside all party preferences. I fought at Manassas with a Douglass man on my right hand, and a Bell man on my left.

To-day we meet to celebrate the virtual accomplishment of our purpose. It is true that no kin of Lincoln has succeeded him, for he himself has succeeded. He is no longer a minority President, no longer a mere President *de jure*.

We are no less enthusiastic to-day than we then were, but our enthusiasm is deeper and tempered by sad experience.

When the South revolted we were wholly unprepared for war. An embeccile old man was at the helm—traitors were in his cabinet—traitors in the senate. I had the good fortune to witness the assembling of the Senate on the fourth day of July, 1861. Though Beauregard lay encamped not forty miles from the capital, Breckinridge had the audacity to appear in our senate! We had our Cataline, but where was our Cicero?

To-day loyalty prevails in Washington. Beauregard has fled from Charleston, and our army and navy challenge the world!

The curtain now rises upon the last act of the sublimest national drama ever enacted! American soil the stage, American heroes the actors, the civilized world the anxious spectators! There was a dramatic fitness in this monster. Rebellion, receiving its mortal blow on the accursed spot that gave it birth! It is wonderful that before the fourth anniversary of the attack upon Sumter, the loyal hands of a gallant New York soldier raised above its shapedless walls the stars and stripes, never again to be displaced by a palmetto rag! It was most fitting that the glad tidings should reach us just as the noble Terry

marched into Wilmington welcomed by the shouts of benediction and joyful tears of the enfranchised victims of rebellion on that never-to-be-forgotten anniversary of Washington's birthday.

It is most fitting that the death of this hydra should be at Richmond,—its last ditch into which Grant, Terry, Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan are driving it, the last miserable remains of the once boasted confederacy, and where the valiant rebel senators are so anxious not to die! Yes, it is fitting and proper that slavery, the parent of this monstrous treason, should perish at its capital and by the hands of its friends!

The rock upon which the Union well nigh split, has proved the ruin of Treason. Ah! ye proud, chivalric women-whippers of Virginia, your time has come!

The blood of two hundred thousand loyal men of the north, the bones of unnumbered union men of the South bleaching in swamps and thickets,—the mouldering dust of your misguided followers—and the tears of a million widows and orphans have not called in vain upon Heaven for vengeance! Well may you pale with fear! We hear you, even now, in tones of despair, "with bated breath and in a bondman's key," imploring the aid of your slaves, "Save us, Sambo, Save us, Pompey, or we perish!" But will they come when they are called? Let Governor Brown answer. "We cannot expect our slaves to fight for the enslavement of their wives and children."

The Greeks at Plataea won the victory by the aid of five thousand slaves whom they at once emancipated. When General Lee proposes to follow the Grecian example, there is howl at Richmond: "Promise liberty to our slaves as the reward of bravery, and we admit by implication that freedom is preferable to slavery; we abandon the principle for which we fight. Let us be consistent and die!"

But the hour of victory is the hour of magnanimity, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." We exult in the success of our cause, not in the punishment of the guilty. No wrong, individual or national, ever went unpunished. How terribly have we of the north been punished for our complicity with American slavery! Is it not remarkable that while so long as the administration made negro-catchers of our soldiers, so long as it pursued a halting, half-way, McClellan policy, so long defeat followed defeat until it seemed as if the days of the republic were numbered, but that as soon as the President issued his Proclamation of Freedom, the scale turned and our armies were everywhere successful? And now since Congress has adopted the amendment, victory seems to rest permanently on our standard. Who can tell us why these things are so? "*Hoc deus fecit.*" It is the work of the Divine Dramatist. In view of the mighty events which come thronging around us, our enthusiasm is mingled with adoration of the God of history, who has so gloriously educated the American people to their grand destiny! Fellow citizens, it is worth the while to live in these times. It is ennobling to have a part, however humble, in this great struggle before which the events of past dwindle into comparative insignificance. Methinks I behold the Muse of history pausing with astonishment and delaying to resume her pen until my country's grand destiny shall have been accomplished!

Yes, battle-scarred veteran, that mutilated limb is a badge of imperishable honor and the memory of your service shall be your child's richest legacy. Amid the bustle and turmoil of the struggle the republic may seem ungrateful, but your reward shall come when the work shall have been done.

Freedom and Slavery, Democracy and Aristocracy have fought their Waterloo on American soil and the right has triumphed; I repeat has triumphed, for future rebel successes can only prolong the contest. The hero of Atlanta knows no defeat. As old Abe says: Sherman went in at Atlanta and came out at Savannah. He has now gone in at Charleston and will come out at Richmond. Like the arrow his course is invisible; like the arrow he is first seen piercing the objective. His campaign from Chatanooga rivals Napoleon's in Italy, and by his gigantic Anabasis from Savannah to Richmond he shall win additional laurels and confer upon expectant rebels their crowning "blessing in disguise."

But says some timid friend, "Will you make a solitude and call it peace?" Yes, Mr. President, Charleston in peaceful desolation, is preferable to Charleston, the hot-bed of treason.

The end is at hand. The crisis came on the eighth day of November, 1864. That safely past, the ultimate success of our cause was morally certain. That decisive victory at the polls as well as our recent triumphs in the field, we now commemorate. The arch-traitor beholds the hand-writing on the wall and surrounds him with a double guard. His miserable dupes no longer desert singly but by scores. The foundation of the Union as it shall be, as Washington and Jefferson intended it to be, at last has been laid upon the corner-stone of liberty and equality before the law to all men. The negro has forced from his master a recognition of his manhood at the point of the bayonet, and there is no Taney to gainsay it. He is no longer a chattel person, but a citizen soldier. John Brown is vindicated and the Declaration of Independence is no longer a dead letter or a "glittering generality." The American abroad is no longer taunted with the miserable inconsistency of American slavery.

The republic has been renovated and enters upon a new life. Its constitution has survived the heroic treatment the disease demanded. It has been found adequate to the crisis. The pestilent dogma of state sovereignty, which culminated in treason, has been confined within its legitimate sphere. The President recognizing the fundamental principle underlying all constitutions, *salus populi suprema lex*, has not hesitated to exercise the extraordinary constitutional powers which armed rebellion called into activity, and has thereby won a nation's gratitude. To-day it is manifested. But few men have been twice-elected President. They are Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln.

Fifty years hence the last shall be second in the hearts of his countrymen!

To save the body politic amputation was unnecessary. The virus had not reached the nation's heart. The moral character of the people will have been ennobled by the war. It shall come forth from the crucible purified from dross. The tree of liberty, watered by the blood of our braves, shall flourish and bear fruit for the healing of nations so long as we and those who follow us remain its worthy branches.

We have learned that men can live and die, not for gold, but for an idea. We have shown the trembling aristocrats of Europe that the freest government is the strongest and that the only sure tenure of authority is the will of the people.

It remains for us hereafter to teach them that our mission is not confined by our territorial limits,—that although there is such a thing as a balance of power in the old world, their aid is not required in conducting the affairs of the new, and that we do not contemplate with indifference the subversion of a sister republic by the minions of the unscrupulous Emperor of the French, who like the first Napoleon, seeks to found an empire upon the ruins of democracy. Thank God that at last the day has dawned!

But alas, there are vacant seats at our festive board. Some who joined in our celebration four years ago are absent. Would that they, who died to usher in this day, might join in our thanksgiving. As I believe they did not wholly die, so do I believe that from their celestial abode they are now looking down upon us with delight! 'Yea, were our vision not obstructed by this mortal medium, perhaps we might behold them in our very midst! Could they speak, methinks they would say to us: We have died in vain if ye heed not the lesson of the past! Individual integrity is the life of the republic. The whole cannot be purer than its parts; the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Permit the corruption which pollutes your great metropolis to extend itself to the country fireside, and you shall read the fate of your republic in the crumbling monuments of ancient Rome; but carry the precepts of the Gospel into your public places and its foundation now so well established, shall rest unshaken forever!

I behold in this assembly, men who, seventeen years ago, fought for Liberty and Union for your fatherland. Let me congratulate you that your student dream is an accomplished fact. You can now say to those you left behind: Come to America, for here is realized the ideal of Goethe!

Und so verbringt umrungen von Gefahr,
 Hier Kindheit, Mann und Greis sein tuechtig Jahr.
 Solch ein Gewimmel moecht ich sehen
 Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehen !
 And so doth pass secured from every fear,
 The child, the man, the sire, his fruitful year ;
 Such busy throng may I e'er dying see
 On a free soil a people truly free !

Thou dear old flag, dearer than erst by far,
 No stripe erased, a state for every star !
 Of banners all most beautiful and best.
 The dread of tyrants, hope of the oppressed,
 O'er land and sea triumphantly shalt wave,
 O'er freemen ever, never more o'er slave.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY !

July 4th, 1876.

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I.

A hundred years ago to-day,
 That starry flag our sires unfurled,
 When rose the sun of Liberty
 Refulgent o'er a waiting world !
 The tyrant trembled on his throne,
 The slave forgot his galling chain,
 When swore the hero, Washington,
 " Our flag is not unfurled in vain ! "

CHORUS.—All hail the day of Jubilee !

All hail Columbia's natal day !
 From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
 Shall millions bless her gentle sway !

II.

The men of seventy-six are dead.
 They bravely fought and nobly won,
 Nor deemed they, when the Briton fled,
 The war for freedom but begun.
 They are not dead, our patriot sires !
 In sixty-one they rose again,
 Kindled anew our altar fires,
 And Slavery's fetter burst in twain.

III.

Alas ! the fratricidal strife,
 And bloody price for Union paid !
 Alas ! to save the nation's life
 Our best and bravest low were laid !
 Now dawns the new centennial year
 Of freedom, peace and honesty !
 Trust Him to rule its grand career
 Who sends this day of Jubilee.



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